

JOHNNY AND WULF GET NAILED!

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23 NOV 85

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SCRATCH
TWO
DOGS!

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



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Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupons and enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
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I Dislike:

My Age is **445**

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

Owing to a massive overload of thrill-power I have had to severely restrict my Nerve Centre this week. It's not simply my *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Team* and *Rogue Trooper* stories which are doing the damage, there's also the small matter of an extra-length episode of *Nemesis*, wrapping up the first part of my saga about the vengeance of the warlock's son... and as if all that wasn't thrill-crammed enough, this prog also sees the start of my zarjaz new *Strontium Dog* tale! One word of warning, Terrans: these thrills are probably dangerous, and certainly circuit-shattering. Normal service will be resumed next week, and let's all hope you're in a fit state to appreciate it!

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NEMESIS

THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

2000AD
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NEMESIS AND THE ABO WARRIORS HEAD TOWARDS THE TIME WASTES WITH THEIR PRISONER, TORQUEMADA. THERE, THE WARLOCK'S SON - THOTH - IS PLANNING TO DESTROY TERMIGHT BY DESTABILISING ITS BLACK AND WHITE HOLES. THE WARRIORS HAVE BEEN JOINED BY A REFORMED MEK-QUAKE WHO BRINGS WITH HIM ONE OF THE ROBOT SHIPS THAT BUILT THE ARTIFICIAL HOLES...

AS THE WARRIORS' SHIP SPEEDS THROUGH THE TRAVEL TUBES, THE UNDERGROUND WORLD IS SHAKEN BY AN EARTHQUAKE...



YOU SEE, TORQUEMADA... MY SON HAS ALREADY SET IN MOTION THE FORCES THAT WILL ANNIHILATE TERMIGHT!

IT IS A JUDGEMENT UPON US FOR HAVING DEALINGS WITH THE DEVIANTS!

VERY WELL, DEMON. I'LL HELP YOU FIND HIM. BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE YOU'LL SET ME FREE AFTERWARDS?

YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME... THE SAME WAY I TRUST YOU!



H'MMM... JUST REMEMBER YOU'LL NEED ME TO GET OUT OF THE TIME WASTES. I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE. I KNOW THEM BETTER THAN ANY MAN!

EXCEPT YOUR OLDER BROTHER, PERHAPS? I BELIEVE HE LED YOUR EXPEDITION?

I RECALL YOU LEFT HIM BEHIND TO DIE WHEN THINGS WENT DISASTROUSLY WRONG?

LIAR! I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO FIND MY BROTHER.

YES, I'M SURE YOU WERE HEART-BROKEN WHEN THEY MADE YOU GRAND MASTER IN HIS PLACE!







NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, IS IT? BUT THE MAN WHO WAS REALLY RESPONSIBLE IS...

TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA: MY BROTHER!

ON THE WARRIORS' SHIP, THE HUMANS HAD SUITED UP TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM TIME EXPOSURE...

WE'RE APPROACHING THE TIME WASTES! GET READY!

OH, TOMAS, WILL WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE?

I JUST WANT THINGS TO BE...

...THE WAY WE WERE.

I'LL FIND A WAY, CANDY—OF OUTWITTING MY ARCH-ENEMY, YES, AND RULING TERNIGHT AGAIN!

NO THROUGH TUBE

TUBE POLICE

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK—YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE!





IT IS YOU WHO
MADE THE MISTAKE,
MY FRIENDS!



PITY! MONGROL
WOULD HAVE LIKED
TO SMASH THEM!

YOU'LL GET
YOUR CHANCE.
MORE MEATHEADS
UP AHEAD.

NOW WE'LL
SEE WHICH SIDE
MEK-BLACK'S
REALLY ON!



THE WAR-DOZER WAS WEARING THE
BODY OF ONE OF HIS VICTIMS...

BLIMBY! HE'S
LIKE THREE
DOCKERS WELDED
TOGETHER!

I SAID HE'D
BE A VALUABLE
ADDITION TO
THE SQUAD!

YOU'VE A LOT
IN COMMON, BLACKBLOOD.
YOU USED TO DRINK YOUR
VICTIMS' OIL!




WELL, I RECKON
HE LOOKS A RIGHT
WEIRDO!

AND YOU
WOULD KNOW,
RO-JAWS!

LET'S
CLEAR THAT
BARRIER!

IT'S
NEBULUS
AND THE ABC
WARRIORS!





SO NOW IT BEGINS!
I DON'T HAVE TO REMIND
ANY OF YOU OF THE
IMPORTANCE OF THIS
MISSION...

BUT YOU'RE
GOING TO ANYWAY—
AND PROBABLY SORE
US ALL TO DEATH!

CUT THE SPEECH,
WARLOCK—AND LET'S
GET ON WITH FINDING YOUR
FOUL OFFSPRING!

SHUT UP,
YOU FINK! NEM'S
THE GUV'NOR HERE,
NOT YOU!

WELL SAID,
RO-JAWS...AND
DON'T FORGET IT,
TORQUEMADA. YOU
ARE MY PRISONER.
I DECIDE IF YOU
LIVE...OR DIE!

FOR NOW,
WARLOCK...
FOR NOW...BUT
WHO KNOWS
WHAT LIES
AHEAD OF
US..?

JUST DON'T
STEP IN IT—
THAT'S ALL!

THEIR SHIP DISAPPEARED DOWN
THE EERIE TIME TUNNEL...

NEMESIS & Co.
RETURN SOON IN
THE TIME
WASTES

MULLI-COM,
THE DEEP
SPACE HEAD-
QUARTERS OF
THE SOUTH

CELEBRATIONS
ARE TAKING PLACE
ON EVERY DECK—
THE WAR WITH
THE NORTS IS
OVER!

THAT'S RIGHT,
ROGUE, AND THERE'S
ANOTHER REASON
TO BE HAPPY.

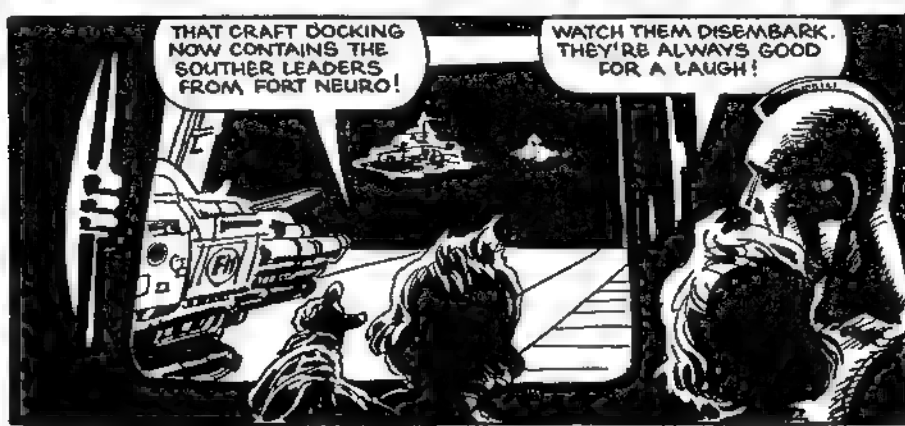
THE
ENGINEERS
ARE GONNA
REGENE
US!

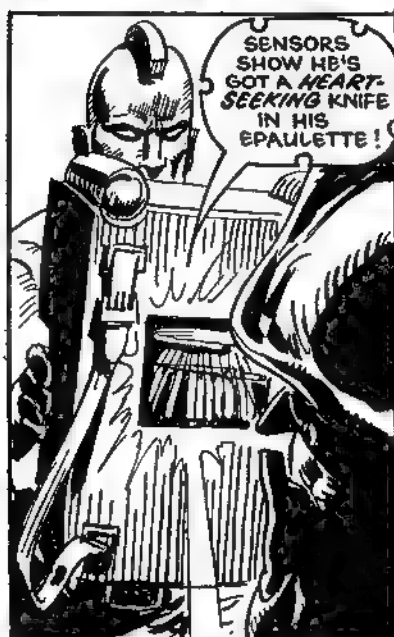
WE'LL BE
TOGETHER
AGAIN,
ROGUE—AS
WHOLE
MEN!

ROGUE'S EQUIPMENT CARRIED
BIOCHIPS CONTAINING THE
PERSONAS OF HIS THREE 'DEAD'
BUDDIES.

ROGUE TROOPER











JUDGE DREDD

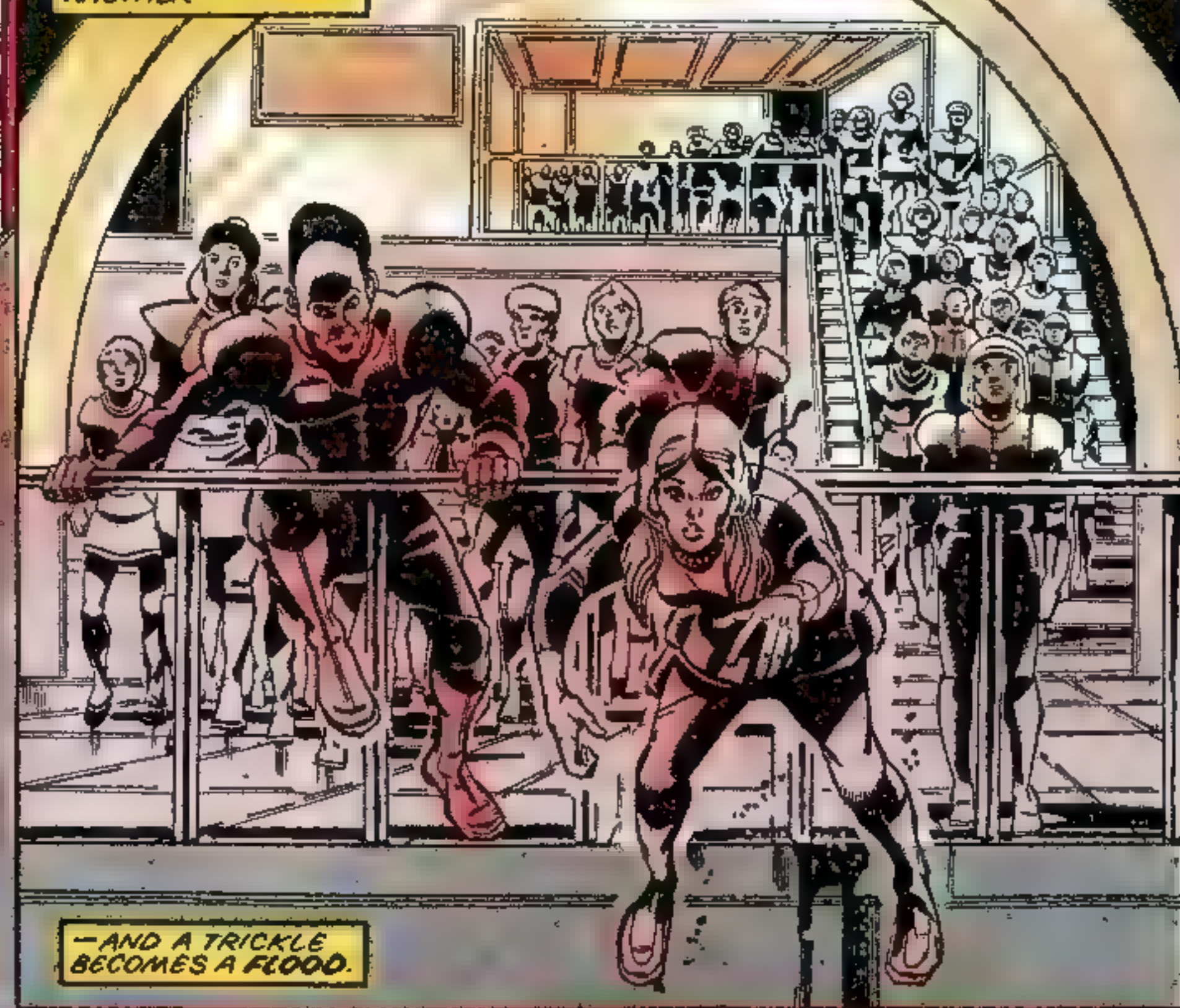
THE LEMMING SYNDROME

NO ONE KNOWS HOW IT STARTS FIRST
THERE ARE A FEW... THEN MORE...



... THEN MORE STILL, THEIR FACES BLANK
AND GLAZED, MOVING TOWARDS THE
98th FLOOR PODPORT—

AT THE LIP THE
LEADERS HESITATE...
UNTIL ONE STEPS
OFF— ANOTHER—
ANOTHER—



— AND A TRICKLE
BECOMES A FLOOD.



AND THE STRANGE PART IS, THEY FALL IN SILENCE.
NOT A CRY— NOT A SCREAM. ABSOLUTE SILENCE...

... AS IF DYING
IS NO BIG THING.

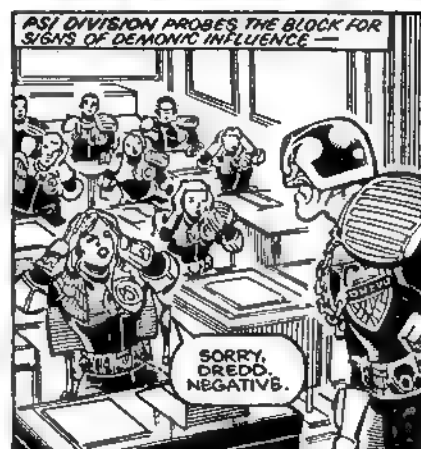
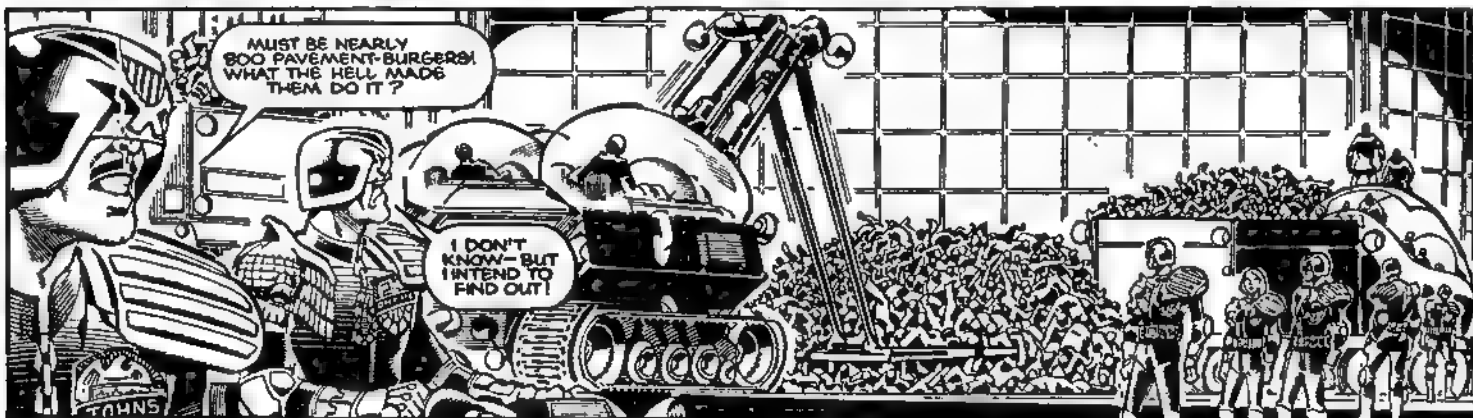


SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T. JACOB





THE FOAM SOLDIERIES
IN SECONDS



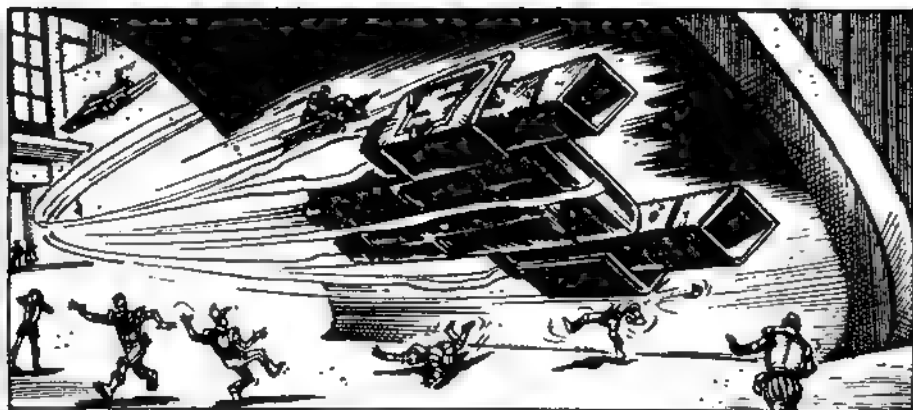


MEAN TEAM

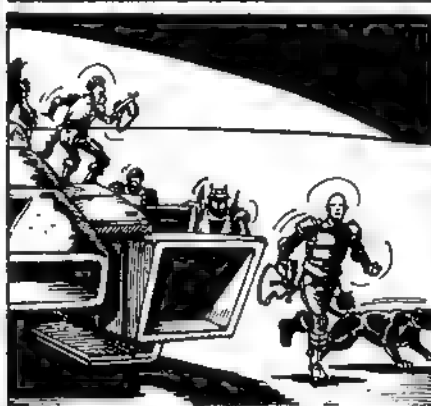
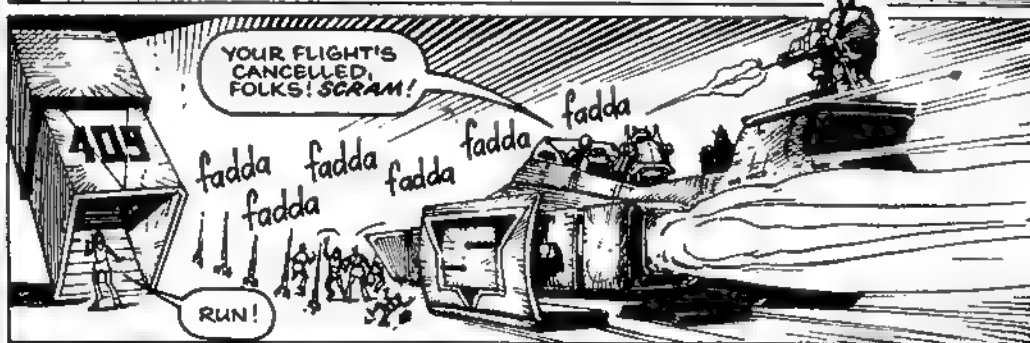
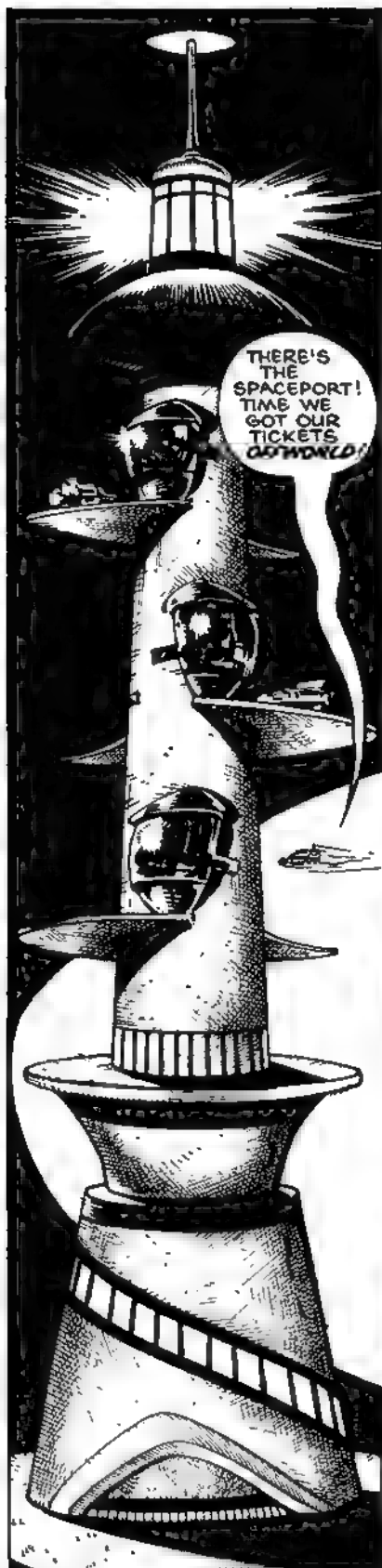
DEATH-BOWL, 2886. MEAN TEAM CAPTAIN BAD JACK KELLER HAS SLAIN HIS OWNER, RICHMAN VON, AND NOW THE ENTIRE TEAM MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM—



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"THE BEAST"
NICK WARD
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
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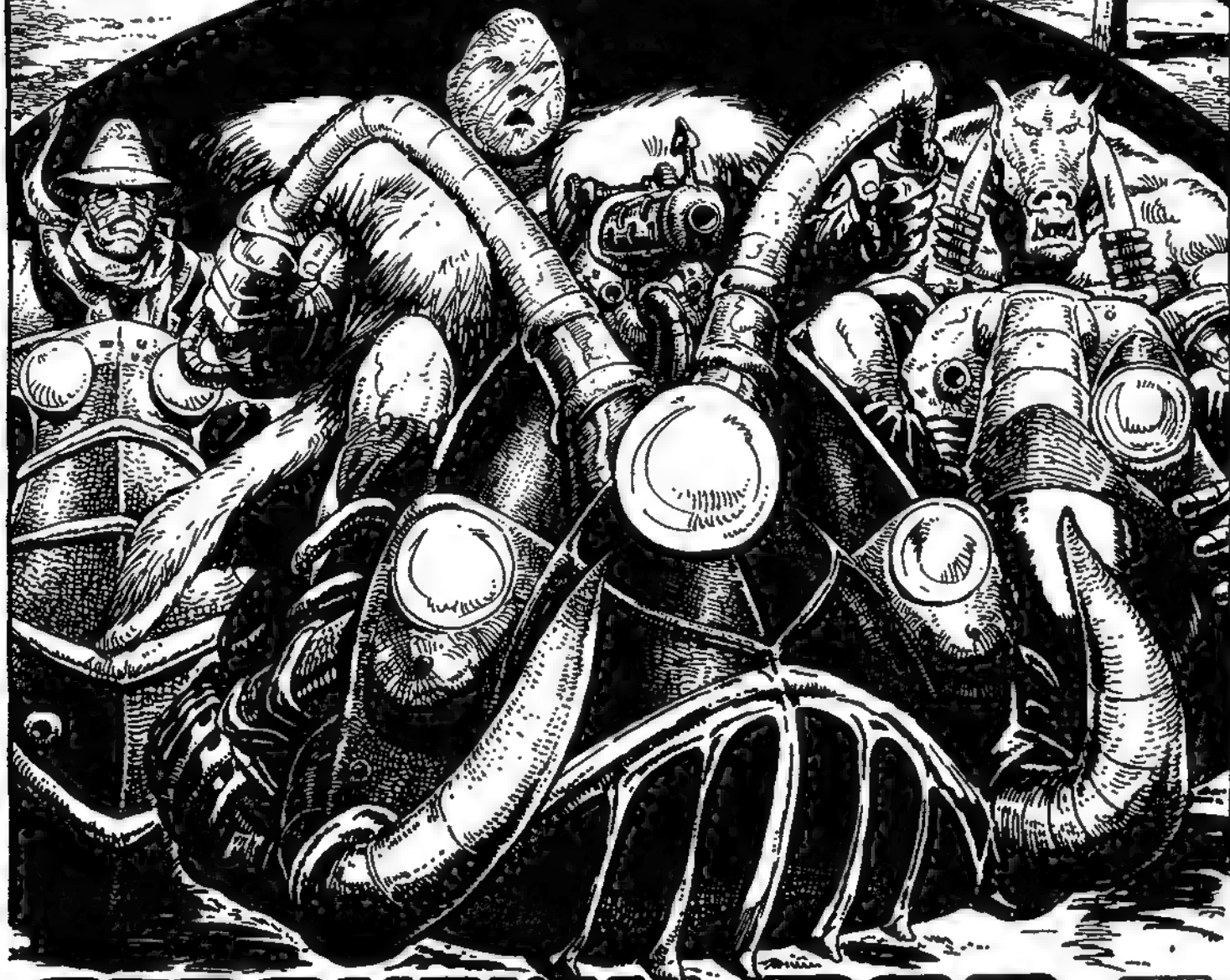




THEY RIDE THROUGH THE
MIDNIGHT OF JANILEV'S
WORLD, STOPPING FOR
NOTHING —

SILENTLY SKIRTING
THE LIGHTS OF
GOOD HOPE —

WELCOME
TO
GOOD
HOPE



STRONTIUM DOG

2000AD
Credit Card
SCRIPTS BY
ALAN GRANT
AND BOB
C. ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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HEADING
PURPOSEFULLY
TOWARDS THE
DISTANT SHAPE
OF MOONDOS
MOUNTAIN—



WHEN THEY ARE
CLOSE, THEY
ABANDON THEIR
SKIMMERS AND
GO ON AFOOT—



THAT'S
IT,
BUBBA.



SPREAD
OUT! CIRCLE
'EM!



HE WAITS FOR HIS MEN TO GET
INTO POSITION. MAX BUBBA
IS A PATIENT MAN. HE'S
WAITED FIFTEEN YEARS FOR
THIS. ANOTHER FEW MINUTES
WON'T HURT.

WHEN ENOUGH
TIME HAS
ELAPSED, HE
SIGHS HIS
BLAZOOSA—

FOR LONG SECONDS HIS FINGER HESITATES ON THE TRIGGER, SAVOURING THE MOMENT—

HIT 'EM!

KA-BLA-ZZZZ!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

BADDABADDABADDA

BY DER GOTT'S, JOHNNY!

WE'RE A SITTING TARGET! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, BIG FELLA!



BADDABADDABADDA

BY DER
GOTTS,
JOHNNY!

WE'RE
A SITTING
TARGET! WE
GOTTA GET
OUT OF HERE,
BIG FELLA!



THERE IS NO TIME TO SCAN THE COVER.
JUST AIM FOR THE FLASHES—

NUMBER FOUR
CARTRIDGE!







HOW YOU FEELIN',
BOYS—SORE? GOOD!
THAT'S NOthin'. YOU
WAIT TILL THAT SUN
COMES UP—STARTS
COOKIN' YA.

I'VE KNOWN
MEN LAST
THREE, FOUR
DAYS JUST
SLOWLY
BAKIN' IN
THEIR OWN
SKINS!



WULF?
YOU
AWAKE?

JA.



FEEL SO...
VERDAMPT COLD!
THINK MAYBE I...
DO NOT LAST TILL
MORNING...

HANG ON
IN THERE, BIG
FELLA. YOU'LL
MAKE IT!

NO. VUN
OF MY RACE
ALWAYS...
KNOW VEN
DEATH COME,
THERE VILL BE
NO LONGBOAT
IN FLAMES FOR
WULF STERN-
HAMMER!



FUNNY HOW
IT SHOULD BE THEM
WHO PART US, EH,
JOHNNY? FUNNY HOW
DER PAST... ALWAYS
COMB BACK TO
HAUNT YOU!



YOU
REMEMBER HOW
VE FIRST MEET,
JOHNNY?

YEAH, WULF.
I REMEMBER...



RAGNAROK!

NEXT PROB: **THE
RAGNAROK
JOB!**

THE HISTORY OF JUSTICE

**MONKEY BUSINESS:
PROGS 184-185**

